HOW SHE GOT A START.

"So you're from Pistonrod, stranger. Well, I want t' know. I was born and brought up there, but I hain't seen the place in twenty year. Is ole Younker livin' yit?"

"No, but his darter is, and a mighty fine woman to. She's got the biggest and best stocked farm in the county and plenty o' money in the bank."

"Want t' know. Is she married?"

"No; she hain't no use fer a man except to make money out of him. Can't any of 'em git the better of her in a trade."

"Want t' know. How did she git her start? When I lived in Pistonrod ole Younker's farm wasn't more'n seventy acres, fifty cleared, and the stock was one spavined horse and a cow."

"That seventy acres he's growed to a thousand now, all cleared, two big barns full o' grain and stock. Sairey Younkers turned out to be a heap good manager."

"Dew tell? How'd she do it?"

"Waal, she got her start when she was 'bout twenty years old and purty as a bran' new mowin' machine. 'Bout that time most o' the young men in the neighborhood wanted to marry her. Far back as I kin remember I hearn all the wimmin folks and most o' the men talkin' 'bout two young fellers that was both bound to git her. They said Sairey hed agreed to take the best man o' the two. As the way they was to find out which was the best man Sairey set 'em a job. The ole man hed just died, the ole woman wasn't no good, and there wasn't no one to do anything except Sarey, and she didn't hev nothin' to do it with except her good looks, and good looks in a gal don't count except to git a husband that's worth suthin'. But there wasn't no sich in Boulder county, so it was a cold time for Sairey.

"Howsomedever, she said that since her ole pop had died and left her and her mother in a bad way she'd got to hev a man as could build up the farm. Ef she got a lazy galoot to set roun' and whittle it 'ud be mighty hard on her. It happened to be plowin' time. She tole Zeb Mower and Jake Marks that whichever could plow ten acres fust she'd marry. Jist as you said, there wa'n't but fifty acres cleared, and twenty o' this needed plowin'. She divided 'em into two equal parts, one for Zeb and t'other fer Jake. Both on 'em was awful bent on gittin' her, and their pride was teched. Besides, neither was willin' to refuse on account o' t'other. Sairey had to borrow two horses fer 'em and one plow. She started 'em one fine April mornin'. I was there, with a lot o' neighbors, to see 'em start, and all the time they was plowin' people was comin' and goin' watchin' 'em, while Sairey was a-smilin' on both of 'em and bringin' 'em out things to eat and drink.

"Waal, when they come to the end o' the match it was a tie. Both got through at the same time, and both fell down exhausted. Sairey give 'em both a drink and tole 'em they was the finest fellers she ever seen. She seemed awful sorry, though, that one on 'em hadn't come out ahead, for she said it put her in a fix. She couldn't marry neither of 'em nohow. So they asked her to let 'em try ag'in. She said she'd give 'em an easy job next time. She give each on 'em twenty-five acres to plant. They was glad enough to git off so easy, but when they was gittin' to the end o' the job Sairey tuk sick with neurology and wasn't there to see the finish. Both of 'em claimed that they got through fust, and there they was ag'in.

"Sairey was put out with bein' pestered by 'em and wouldn't hev nothin' more to do with neither of 'em. But 'long 'bout harvest time she relented and agreed to give 'em another trial. She said whichever got half the crop into the barn fust was the man she wanted, and she kinder hinted that there was one on 'em she did want mighty bad, but it wouldn't be fair for her to tell which. So they went to work on a third trial. This time just as they was gittin' to the end o' the job they both tuk sick, and Sairey had to finish it herself. Nobody knowed how they come to sicken both at once, and some was mean enough to hint that Sairey had given 'em some rum with pizen in it. They wa'n't sick long, but when they got well the job was finished without 'em. So she didn't take neither of 'em nohow.

"That's the way Sairey got her start. She growed a fine crop as didn't cost her nothin' and put the money all into the farm. They say she got the balance of her land cleared in some sich fashion, but I don't know nothin' 'bout that. Leastaways she not only put her farm in payin' condition, but begun to buy jinin' land. She's forty year old now and good lookin' yit. All the widerers and old bachelors thereabouts wants to marry her, and I believe she could git up a plowin' or a mowin' match among 'em today if she wanted to; but, laws, she hain't got no use for 'em. I axed her onct why she didn't take a husband. She looked at me surprised-like and answered: 'What would I do with him? He'd only be in my way.'"

"But, say, neighbor, what makes you look so sorrowful?"

"You was tellin' 'bout Zeb Mower and Jake Marks, wasn't you?"

"I was."

"They was both at the soft age 'bout gals, wasn't they?"

"'Bout twenty-three or four."

"I guess they'd both of 'em ought to been planted in the town buryin' groun'."

"What makes you think that?"

"'Cos I was one on 'em."

THE FLEET AT YOKOHAMA

The Streets Walled With Flags

BATTLESHIPS WELCOME

All Foreigners Are Americans for the Occasion and Treated With Special Consideration.

Yokohoma, Oct. 19.—The American battleship fleet dropped anchor in the harbor of Yokohoma at 9:30 o'clock yesterday morning, a little later than the scheduled time, because of a fog that hung over the bay, hindering the battleships in getting to their anchorage. Before dawn the white American fleet had been dimly discerned manoeuvering off the entrance to Tokio bay, while 16 Japanese warships in somber color swung at their anchor buoys outside of the breakwater encircled by low purple hills.

Already Yokohoma was awake and the streets were crowded, excited people streaming in from the surrounding country afoot, in rickishas or in carriages making their way to the water front and to the hills overlooking the bay to get their first glimpses of the fleet. From thousands of flagstaffs and buildings at every point in the city floated the stars and stripes and the entire lengths of miles of streets were almost walled with intertwined American and Japanese emblems. Foreigners were in the minority in the crowds, but wherever they appeared they were treated with even exceptional courtesy, because to-day to the Japanese all foreigners must be Americans, many of the Japanese being unable to discriminate between Americans and those from other lands.

As the 16 battleships came through the entrance to the fog-enveloped bay, they were accompanied by the Japanese cruisers Soya, Magami and Tatsuta, commanded by Rear Admiral Murakari. Passing up the coast off Yokosuki, the first note of real welcome was sounded when a fireworks salute was fired by the "American friends association," composed entirely of Japanese, who had assembled at Kruikama on the site of Perry's monument. When it came closer in the fleet was met by seven big ocean liners chartered by the prefecture of Kanagawa, carrying 8,000 persons, including many foreigners. The air was filled with bursting bombs sent up from various points, and the roar of voices was heard even in the city of Yokohama.

At 8:45 a. m. the Japanese battleships boomed a salute at the tender Yankton, which was slightly in the lead of the American fleet, appeared dimly around Honmou point through the fog, which soon lifted a little, enabling a full view of the fleet approaching its anchorage ground. About 45 minutes later, when the fleet finally came to anchor, it presented an imposing spectacle. Thirty-two great warships occupied four long columns of eight each, the Americans taking the place of honor in the forefront, the Japanese immediately behind them and heading due south.

As soon as the fleet came to anchor a reception committee and attaches of the various foreign embassies and legations, and the mayor of Yokohama, put off from shore for the flagship Connecticut. American Ambassador O'Brien did not go down from Tokio, because under navy etiquette he could not be present until the American admiral commanding the fleet, had paid an official call upon him. The ambassador's wife, however, was present, together with women of the embassy, as well as Mr. Sammons, consul-general at Seoul, and Mrs. Sammons, and Secretary Jay of the American embassy, all in an unofficial capacity as guests of the navy. Francis J. Loomis, head of the American commission to the Japanese international exposition, together with Secretary O'Laughlin and the entire business men's delegation from the Pacific coast, now on a visit to Japan, was present, arriving in a special train from Tokio early in the morning.

Every vernacular newspaper in Yokohama and Tokio printed a special illustrated edition yesterday morning containing enthusiastic articles with reference to the coming of the American fleet. The entire circulation of these newspapers probably will reach 1,000,000.

CHILD LABOR IN HOLLAND.

Boys Enter the Factories as Soon as They Leave School.

The condition of the working class families in some of the manufacturing towns of Holland is deplorable. Wages are very low, and the standard of life cannot be maintained unless mother and children take their places in the factory side by side with the head of the household.

As soon as the Dutch law allows the child to leave school, which is at the age of twelve, he enters the factory workshop. Although the government has passed a law recently forbidding boys under sixteen to be employed in factories, most of the boys go in as soon as they leave school. Children leave their beds frequently at 5 or 6 in the morning or earlier summer and winter, gulp down some hot coffee or what is commonly called so, swallow a huge piece of well known Dutch "roggebrood," or rye bread, and then hurry in their wooden shoes through the quiet streets of the town to their places of work.

Sometimes they have to return home at 8 or 8:30 in the morning for a second hurried breakfast, which as often as not is the first, for many of them start the day's work on an empty stomach. Those who cannot run home and back in the half hour usually allowed for the first "schaft," or mealtime take their bread and butter with them in a cotton or linen bag and their milk and water or coffee in a tin and so shift as well as they can.—Cor. Boston Herald.

Gold Coin.

Seventy per cent of the gold in the possession of man is in the form of coin.

SOME TIMELY HINTS.

For the Girl Who Starts Her Christmas Work Early.

The girl who believes in starting Christmas gifts early should make a shirt waist case to protect blouses that cannot be washed.

These are made like a large envelope with the flap at the end. They should be of white Persian lawn or striped dimity that is easily laundered.

Cut the material in a long strip, allowing for a deep flap. It should be

THE PRISCILLA COLLAR.

large enough to hold a waist without crushing even when the sleeves are stuffed with tissue paper. French seam the sides and finish the end of the flap with a scallop embroidered in white cotton.

The only decoration is put on the flap, which buttons over on the case. It may have just a monogram or three initials or can have an elaborate design in satin stitch and eyelet work. Another gift that is new and dainty is a collar that comes straight from Paris called "the Priscilla." It is very simple to make, consisting as it does of a tucked, boned and well shaped collar of net or mull. A full frill of the material used is placed at the top of the collar, and a biblike plaiting is arranged at the base.

TRAYS MADE AT HOME.

They Are Covered With Oriental Embroidery and Framed.

Fascinating trays that the ingenious girl can make herself, either for the bedroom or library, are popular just now.

A smooth piece of whitewood is chosen for the bottom of the tray. This can be square, oblong or oval, if you know where you can buy cheap an oval frame the same size.

Cover this board smoothly with a bit of oriental embroidery, canvas worked in odd conventional designs in cross stitch or art reps embroidered in conventional designs in rich colors. For bedrooms gay cretonnes or linen taffeta may be substituted.

On top of the embroidery put a piece of clear glass the same size as the bottom. Have the two framed with a narrow border of wood, just as you would frame a picture, and into each end screw small brass handles.

On the back paste felt to harmonize with the colors of the embroidery and to prevent the tray from scratching the table.

Select picture molding about an inch or an inch and a half wide and of a color to blend well with the embroidery. The dark woods usually give the best effects. The frame makes ledge enough to prevent a glass or candle from slipping from the tray.

If you are not skillful enough with tools to put the frame together it can be done quite cheaply at a picture store. Do not trust them, however, to paste the embroidery to the bottom, as you can do it much more neatly yourself. It will also be quite easy to add the felt at home.

Tiring at the Desk.

The office girl compelled to sit at her desk many hours a day will discover sooner or later a pain between the shoulders or along the spine. This is frequently because the toes barely touch the floor and there is a strain upon the body. Many to make the feet touch the floor and yet have their hands in the right position upon the typewriter or desk get a fixed posture which leads to this strain. You will derive much comfort from an ottoman or even a small wooden box slipped under the desk for a foot rest. It is not necessary to use it continuously, but there are times when one can throw the weight back upon the chair, rest the feet on the stool and overcome that strain which refuses to depart unless one gets up and walks around awhile.

Comfort For Germ Finders.

The woman who washes all her coin and handles bills with tongs can enjoy her money henceforth with less fear of microbes. Dr. Warren W. Hildritch, a Yale scientist, has made bacteriological tests, with the result that "money constitutes an unimportant factor in the transmission of disease."

Strange as it may appear, the cleanest looking bills had the highest number of bacteria, while the dirtiest had the fewest.

However, this will not diminish a woman's love for nice, clean bills, but it will make her less nervous when she has to handle the dirty ones for fear she will contract some terrible disease.

Carpets.

Carpets should be beaten on the wrong side first and then more gently on the right. Never put a carpet down on a damp floor, for this often results in the carpet becoming mildewed.

TWO KILLED, TWO HURT

Engine Goes Down 25-Foot Embankment

AT BRATTLEBORO DAM

Small Traction Engine Falls 40 Feet from Structure Into River With Fatal Results—Accident Happened Saturday.

Brattleboro, Oct. 18.—The second serious fatality of the year in the construction of the new dam of the Connecticut River Powder Company, between Hinsdale, N. H., and Vernon, Vt., occurred early Saturday morning. Two men were killed and two others seriously injured by the derailment of a small narrow guage traction engine.

The accident was witnessed by nearly all of the men employed in the night shift at the dam.

The engineer, Eugene Cutler, 30 Hinsdale, N. H.; the fireman, Marvin Martindale, 23, Gill, Mass., and Chester Parker of Buxton, Me., a mason, who were in the cab, were carried over the embankment and two flat cars followed. The train turned a somersault and was buried in the river bed 40 feet below.

Martindale was kiled outright, but Cutler lived for about an hour without regaining consciousness. Parker was seriously injured, receiving concussions about the head and left side and suffering from a dislocated shoulder and broken leg. He was removed to the temporary hospital at the dam. Edward Moris, the brakeman, had a very narrow escape, but was uninjured, while his helper, Edward Daley, received a long cut over his left eye which necessitated several stitches. Cutler is survived by a wife and two children. Martindale was a student at Mt. Hermon class of 1908. His parents and four sisters and two brothers live in Gill, Mass.

WINTER SUN PARLORS.

How They May Be Artistically and Inexpensively Furnished.

Nearly every house of any size now has its miniature sun parlor, where the family and friends can gather for a visit and inhale the spicy odor of pine and balsam, look at bright colored potted plants and enjoy the warmth of the sun's direct rays. Sometimes this little nook is only a bow window, and again it is a large conservatory effect.

The best and most appropriate furnishings are of wicker either in natural color or stained to suit one's tastes. Green paint or enamel is seen quite as often as the natural color, while white and pale gray tints are liked where the bit of outdoor life is used principally by the feminine members of the household. There are so many charming shapes in chairs, tables, desks and flower stands made up in this material that one need have no

A COLOR SCHEME IN GREEN.

difficulty in making a suitable selection unless the difficulty arises from being confronted with an embarrassment of styles.

The floor of such a room is usually tiled, though it may be a plain wooden one with serviceable rugs to give it a cozy and inviting appearance. Everything should have a decorative value and should harmonize with the outdoor atmosphere of the other furnishings.

A wicker couch or divan will be found pleasant on which to while away a few hours reading or resting. A desk in another corner will be convenient for attending to the morning's mail. For holding books, magazines and papers a wicker table with shelves underneath should have a place in such surroundings, and if the room is large enough to have afternoon tea served within its inviting walls then a tea wagon of wicker, an oblong tea table with brackets or a teapoy of the same summery material will be essential to the proper service of this afternoon refreshment.

One of the most attractive color schemes for a small sun parlor is green and white. Another is dull green with gray, while still another is natural wicker with red decorations in the form of cushions and hangings.

Beating His Rival.

"What are you crowing about? Griggsby's airship showed itself superior to yours in every respect."

"Yes, but as mine was tested on a fine day the photographs turned out perfect, and Griggsby made his ascent when it was too dark even for a time exposure."—Puck.

Not In a Position, Etc.

I'd like to tackle any game.
I'd like to prove my heart is true.
I'd like to give some one my name—
And all because of Y-O-U.

And yet, so minus is my stack,
Your dad I dare not interview.
Alas, alack, I must hold back—
And all because of I-O-U!

—Kansas City Times.

JINGLES AND JESTS

The Muzzled Catcher.

Two foreigners were watching their first game of base ball the other day.

"Dot vas a dancherous game, yah!" said the German.

"Eet must be, monsieur," replied the Frenchman. "Why, even ze catcher wears a muzzle to keep him from biting ze people.—Wasp.

The Sins of the Fathers.

[It may perhaps be difficult after so much laxity to pull ourselves together, but it is not at all impossible. At any rate, let us save our children from a similar unsatisfied and restless kind of existence by teaching them from babyhood the true joy of self-mastery, of discipline, and of thought for others, lessons to be enforced if necessary, by wholesome and just chastisement.—"Privey Councillor" in the Daily Mail on "The Sense of Duty."]

I admit the accusation that, regarded as a nation,
We're developing a tendency to go it;
We've been given up as hopeless, and, as years elapse we cope less
With our vices—we are decadent, and know it!
But it's still within our power, if we really try, to dower
All our children with the virtues that we're lacking—
Both by dint of moral suasion, and, of course, on due occasion,
By judicious, wholesome, necessary whacking!

If my wife and I are seedy (the result of being greedy)
When we've supped at costly cafes two or three times
In a style we didn't oughter, then Louise, our little daughter,
Is deprived of jam at just as many tea-times;
And our manners may be boorish and our taste in dressing poorish,
Still, if Baby Derrick doesn't wear his bib aright,
Then the naughty little sinner gets no pudding with his dinner—
For no child of ours shall ever be a sybarite!

Though I'm getting on for 50, I am anything but thrifty—
I am prodigal and reckless, to be truthful;
But I often stop remittance of my son's half-termly pittance,
Just to teach him careful habits while he's youthful;
And whenever dissipation brings a harsh communication
From the company with whom I do my banking,
Then, in tones austere and gloomy, do I call my children to me
And proceed to give them each a thorough spanking!

Though a course of bread and butter may constrain Louise to utter
Protestations set to weird, chromatic wailings,
And though Paul and Babs, in corners, howl like Oriental mourners,
Still, you must correct hereditary failings;
And, in moments of distraction, it's a source of satisfaction
Thus to visit your offenses on a nipper;
When you know your duty clearly is to kick yourself severely,
You can take it out of Cosmo with a slipper.

Though our task may seem appalling, not to say distinctly galling,
For I find that, having been discreetly smitten,
Paul and Babs are in the habit of belaboring their rabbit,
While Louise proceeds to bash the Persian kitten.
Still, by strenuous endeavor, we may teach our children never
To be like their naughty sires and silly mothers;
Using means at once preventive of that issue, and incentive
To a life of self-control and thought for others!

—Punch.

An Ill Wind, Etc.

Long—Overcoats are to be worn longer this fall, I understand.

Short—That's good. I'll be able to get another winter out of mine.—St Louis Post-Dispatch.

Not That Kind.

There's magic in her faintest touch,
But I can't understand
When she declines to marry me
Charm in her slight of hand.

—Baltimore American.

A REHEARSAL?

Was He Repeating What He Was Going to Tell His Wife?.

"My wife's up in Michigan with the kids," explained the convivial-looking citizen. "I was up with them for a couple of weeks but that was all I could spare from business."

"Of course," said the man with the scattered and retreating hair, with a jocular wink. "Business has to be attended to, doesn't it? How much longer do you suppose you'll be able to keep her up there?"

"She'll have to come back now so the children can go to school," said the convivial-looking citizen. "I expect her in a day or two. I'll be mighty glad to have her back."

"I know it," said the man with the retreating hair, grinning. "You'll be tickled to death, won't you? It's awful lonely sitting in the house by yourself evenings and listening to the clock tick—what? How long have you been in solitude?"

"About two weeks," replied the con-

"Dear me!" sighed the man with the vivial-looking citizen."
retreating hair. "I supposed you relieved the pangs of absence mainly by going back to the office and working till 1 or 2 in the morning; I know how it is."

"It's fierce," said the convivial-looking citizen. "All the same, I haven't been doing any late office work. I can generally find enough to do between 8:30 and 5 to satisfy my conscience and take the edge off my energy. No; what I've been needing has been a little evening relaxation of some sort. As you say, it's very lonely sitting alone and listening to the clock tick. There's nothing meaner than staying in the house by one's self."

"Even when you can get a few good fellows to drop in and help you to while away the weary hours, it isn't like having the gracious presence of a woman in the house is it " said the other man.

"It is not," replied the convivila-looking citizen, gravely. "But I haven't had any friends over in the evening. If I had I wouldn't be alone, would I?"

"How true!" said the man with the retreating hair. "Where are you going to whoop it up tonight?"

"At home," replied the convivila looking man. "I eat downstairs, of course, but I go home to spend the evening. I generally read and smoke a pipe or two and then toddle to bed. Sometimes when I'm feeling particularly giddy and reckless I start up the phonograph for a while."

"What are you doing—rehearsing?" asked the man with the retreating hair."

"I don't understand," said the convivial looking citizen.

"Is that what you're going to tell your wife? See here, you take my advice and don't try it. You tell it pretty well, but the madam must know you just a little bit by this time. No sense in trying how much you can get her to swallow. There might come a time you'll want her to believe something that's really so."

"I think I catch your meaning at last," said the convivial-looking citizen. "You suppose that I'm taking advantage of my wife's absence to conduct myself in a manner unbecoming a sober respectable married man. You think that I'm hunting up all the all rounders I've ever known to join me in a mad whirl of dessipation."

"A little harmless recreation after the cares of the day, I should call it," said the man with the retreating hair. "You'll say 'hitting her up pretty lively' if you prefer it."

"When I want to do that I'll do it when my wife's at home," said the convivial-looking man. "Then she'll know the worst and she won't worry to speak of. I do like a little evening out once in a while, but not while she's away, thank you, all the same. What I do then is to catch my regular train to town and get back in time to sprinkle the lawn. I haven't missed an evening since I got back."

"You are a noble character and a pattern to your sex," said the man with the retreating hair. "I would that there were more like you, but I fear you are in a class by yourself."

"Don't you ever think it," said the convivial-looking citizen. "I'm not the only fellow that's got observant neighbors."—Chicago News.

Dependably Unreliable.

"Yez know Casey, the contractor?"

"Oi do."

"Is he what ye'd call reliable?"

"He is the most reliable man Oi iver knew. Whinever he tells yez anything ye can depind on its not being so!"—Tit-Bits.

A Precautionary Measure.

Stella—Did you accept Jack?

Bella—Yes; but I indorsed Tom at the same time.—Harper's Bazar.

MAGAZINE REVIEW.

Is Alcohol a Poison?

Is alcohol a poison to the animal organism? A poison being, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, an agent that may injuriously affect the tissues of the body, and tend to shorten life.

Students of Pathology answer this question with no uncertain voice. The matter is presented in a nutshell by the Professor of Pathology at Johns Hopkins university, Dr. William H. Welch, when he says; "Alcohol in sufficient quantities is a poison to all living organisms, both animal and vegetable." To that unequivocal pronouncement there is, I believe, no dissenting voice, except that a word-quibble was at one time raised over the claim that alcohol in exceedingly small doses might be harmless. The obvious answer is that the same thing is true of any and every poison whatever. Arsenic and strychnine, in appropriate doses, are recognized by all physicians as admirable tonics; but no noe argues in consequence that they are not virulent poisons.

Open any work on the practice of medicine quite at random, and whether you chance to read of diseased stomach or heart or blood-vessels or liver or kidneys or muscles or connective tissues or nerves or brain—it is all one; in any case you will learn that alcohol may be an active factor in the causation, and a retarding factor in the cure, of some, at least, of the important diseases of the organ or set of organs about which you are reading. You will rise with the conviction that alcohol is not merely a poison, but the most subtle, the most far-reaching, and judged by its ultimate effects, incomparably the most virulent of all poisons.—Dr. Henry Smith Williams in October McClure's.

"Kate," The Boss of Oklahoma.

In the October American Magazine A. J. McKelway tells that romantic story of the rise of "Kate" Barnard, commissioner of charities and correction in Oklahoma. From the following extract from Mr. McKelway's article it is easy to see that "Kate" comes pretty near being the boss of her state:

"Governor Franz, candidate for Governor on the Republican ticket, was wise enough not to accept the frequent challenges to a joint debate with Kate. But the candidate for Attorney-General challenged her to a joint debate and the state was on tiptoe with excitement. The meeting was held in the heart of the coal regions, and before a crowd of Hungarian miners who could understand neither speaker. But Kate had been down into themines, has seen to it that the demands of the miners for protection were embodied in the constitution, and they knew she was their friend. So when she finished speaking they not only hooted the other speaker from the platform, but threatened him with instantaneous damage to his person if he did not leave at once. The whole state laughed over the affair, and he was litterally laughed out of the state, finding a consolation office somewhere in Alaska. For the Republican ticket was snowed under in the election, and Kate received a majority of 56,000 votes and led the ticket on the Democratic side by 6,000 votes. The constitution was adopted by a popular majority of 108,000. In Oklahoma City she received 1,500 majority, though the city voted the Republican ticket by 900 majority.

"The politicians come and go through the state offices and call on the Governor and the lieutenant governor and the speaker. But they make a mistake when they do not stop and shake hands with Kate, if they want something done that is worth while. And through her little office on the top floor there pours a steady stream of people all day long, people whom she has met in her campaigns over the state, or people who want to meet her—Farmers, merchants, club-women, preachers, teachers. Now a delegation of miners come to look at the mine-inspection bill, and to be assured by Kate that it was all right, and that Pete, the mine inspector, was straight. Now a committee of laundry girls, who complain of their long hours. And Kate sends some of them on to visit their senator or representative before they return home, and tell what the people at home want done for the children or the miners or the insane or the consumptives. She knows the game and plays it well, and it is for humanity that she is playing it."

On the Edge.

"Economizing, are they? You surprise me! I understood they were simply rolling in wealth."

"Well, that may be true, but I believe they have to be careful not to roll to far."—Catholic Standard and Times.